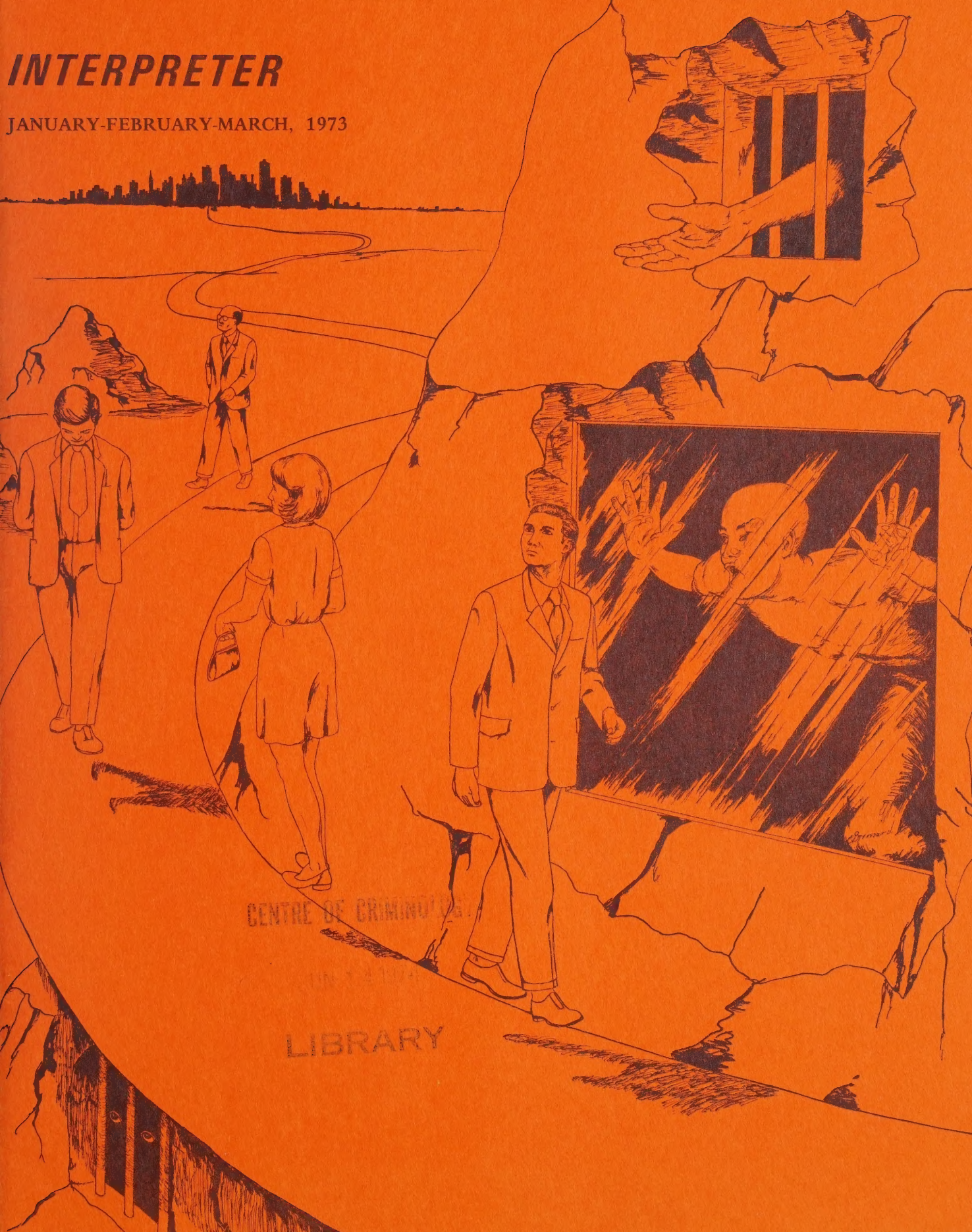


INTERPRETER

JANUARY-FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1973





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I**C****N****O****T**

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EDITORIAL

According to natural laws, any component of a society that fails to adapt to the changes of progressive evolution will not survive. At the same time, if the technological and economic foundation of a society is out of balance with its social, political, and philosophical superstructure, that society is doomed to collapse. For the benefit of prison reformists and abolitionists, it is not unrealistic to anticipate the inevitable destruction of prisons as they now exist.

Americans generally take pride in the fact that they are considered to be one of the most highly developed nations in the world--a position which owes homage to America's ability to faithfully abide by the dictates of nature's own survival code. Advances are being made in technology on the hour, and the 'midnight oil' burns incessantly while official economists labor over whether or not they should create a recession or fight inflation to suit the needs of the public.

It is curious, however that a nation so technologically and economically advanced can still rejoice over having been the first to reach the moon while its domestic problems--part of its superstructure--are waiting to be recognized as national priorities; while its social achievements are lagging in relation to its technological achievements.

While the prison system continues to lag; while it attempts to function under stagnating and failing principles, the inevitability of its final collapse is intensified. It has failed to parallel the advances of a changing society; it has failed to contribute its share of improvements; it has even failed to serve the economic interests of a capital-conscious society. In short, it has failed to function as an efficient social, political, and economic component of an evolving social environment. And because it does not function in a capacity that is commensurate with the achievements of technology and the changes resulting from an expanded

social awareness, a progressive society will leave it wallowing in the remains of its own destruction.

One cannot consider the penal system a complete failure if a close account is taken of its primary function and the philosophy by which it is governed. If a prison's design is so constructed as to hold and punish; and in the process it manages to dehumanize and destroy, then it is operating at full capacity--strictly within the bounds of its function. If "rehabilitation" is allowed to flourish in prisons merely as ostensive rhetoric, then the extremely high recidivism rate is in perfect accord with the punishment concept. It would seem to be logically evident that punishment is not the means to rehabilitation.

While clinging to this concept, the prison system has managed to stay afloat this long while society seemed perfectly satisfied with its prisons being receptacles for containing 'misfits' (and public guilt) until it could decide what to do with them ("In the meantime, how about a trip to the moon?"). In any case, America's communities can no longer afford to ignore this social problem, it can no longer close the bedroom door to conceal its untidiness when company shows; and most importantly, it cannot deny the imminence of change, i.e., r/evolution and the conditions which serve as its impetus.

It is only because their consciousness has been dwarfed by their immediate needs that some prisoners are content to merely out-survive their conditions. Having already been indoctrinated with the competitive philosophy of American economics, the pimps, players, and hustlers, for example, view their confinement as the consequence of having made a tactical error or a "bad move." But, no matter how you look at it, prison is a funky place to be. And prisoners, not unlike the system, must advance, too, or get "downed" in the shuffle. They must become fully

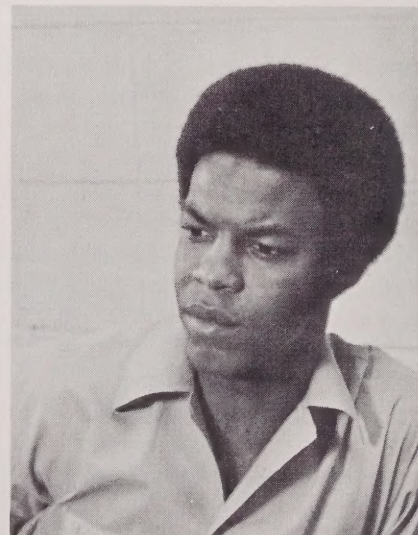
aware of their conditions--of why they are in prison, and why they manage to keep coming back.

The answers lie in society's decision as to what it intends for its correctional institutions to do. To put off the issue for more debate only extends the gap between society's foundation and its superstructure. And to broaden this gap is to leave the fate of its prisons in the hands of nature.

This 'joint' will self-destruct in...

Having to introduce myself as the new editor is a peculiar situation. Ordinarily, the outgoing editor would do this, but he left The Interpreter while we were putting the last issue together. The Associate Editor could have done it--if we had one. I guess the Circulations Manager could even do it--if there was one...

In any case, Associate Editor Bass and Circulations Manager Bass both welcome and introduce Editor Bass...
whew!



INTERject

TIME

Joliet, Illinois

Brother Smith;

You have a very informative magazine, and your writers display their talents with expertise and professionalism. Continue encouraged.

On "Where is Reality?" (Jan. 73): Indeed, a man must "believe that he is somebody," but without the power to enforce his 'someboddiness', how motivating is the ethic? To what degree, then, is he somebody?

Reality is NOW! Seize it!

CLARION

Frontera, California

Ms. Strider;

You're right! We do need some tender loving care. And if the powers that condemned us to this pit were as conscious as you are of our needs I don't think we'd even be here. The message, however, is refreshing--especially in an atmosphere that constantly reminds us of how foul our situation is, and how mellow it would be to relate to a woman again. Incidentally, you have some fine sisters there who were the object of much compliment.

To the S.O.S. (Jan. 73): It is inspiring to see that women prisoners can still maintain such positive composure in spite of the 'process' which works against the grain or your humanity/sanity. Perhaps it is the psychological composition of women that allows them to remain somewhat aloof in the face of adversity, and it might not be too wild to suggest that a woman was partly responsible for the birth of stoic philosophy. It appears that you have found sanctuary in your souls -- and I can't argue; but I encourage you to ask yourselves whether or not the struggle for prison reform is fought behind the lines of your mind or on the main front of reality.

VACAVALLEY STAR

To Mr. Hodgson:

Your essay (A LOOK INSIDE, Feb. 73) was well written and pin-pointing. However, as you focus such strong attention on the right to be an individualist, it would be wise to note the psychological ramifications of a massive lunge for individualism. The very fact that 'I' precedes the word individual and 'U-All' brings up the rear, clearly defines its substance. At the same time the prison seeks to de-humanize, it's function is better facilitated when we become alienated from each other as single, individual units.

The penal system succeeds in destroying a man because it IS a system and operates from the strategic position of an organized offensive. Consequently, prisoners are forced into a defensive position which, when lacking the proper focal point (unity), leaves room for the devisive struggles to become individuals. And when the individuals locate the objects of their personal interests (unless they are in the interest of the people) all attention is distracted from the major objective: a united struggle for change.

There is a stage that we enter into upon coming to prison, during which time we become acutely aware of the absence of what we call life. On a higher plane, this awareness matures into an obsessive craving for what we miss. But as we become aware of our conditions in prison, the only obsession is to seek relief -- not in individuality, but in unity. As we become aware of our conditions, a certain consciousness is aroused in relation to them. This consciousness educates us to the fact that the PRISON is a condition; then we instinctively move to alter that condition. And how best might we alter that condition, as individuals or as a collective? People are the power!

LOBOTOMIES, LASERS, AND LADIES

Prisoners, hold on to your heads! The 'Lobotomy Man' is out to get you. He's coming to re-wire your circuitry--as an alternative to rehabilitation. It's no surprise, though; self-righteousness has been struggling for centuries to cast out the cerebral evil that lurks in the minds of men. This time it comes to us in the name of 'scientific discovery'. It appears--among other things--that we will be deprived of the right to accept, reject, or remain indifferent to anybody's so-called truth.

Anyway, you can expect to be hit on in the near future (on the sly, of course) to undergo brain surgery, shock/maim treatment, chemical assaults (just to name a few); all designed to get you in line.

If you can't dig that, you can always get zapped by one of the new laser guns they heve at Utah State (prison, that is). They're designed to keep you in line.

And here to help keep you in line is our Ms. Jane Q. Citizen, prison guard and token equal opportunity employee. Never let it be said that de-humanization wasn't an equal opportunity employer. Ms. Jane--or is it Wilma?--will get (along with all the other benefits for prison guards) an equal opportunity to blow away anyone making their bid for freedom.

So, while the Doc's changing your 'ticks' to 'tocks', there's a lady turning prison locks. And while shock treatments destroy and maim, the laser guns take careful aim. Penal reform rides again.

MDB

PROFILE

Words seem to gain a stronger significance in the joint, especially adjectives like "down" are used to describe people like Sinuhe (pronounced Sin-oo-a, and meaning: "He who is alone"). When you say a man is "down", it means that he is together; it means that he is widely respected, and stands ready to take care of business when the situation calls for business. It means that (and not to be over-emphatic here) he is one of the more serious of Earth's inhabitants; that he will die for what he believes in; and therefore fears no power in the world that seeks to suppress his goals and ideals. His goals are the people's goals; their ideals are his ideals. If the people are needy, he will make arrangements for the people to have, and if they cannot have, then he will start looking for the power that says they cannot have. And if that power relinquishes nothing on request, a "down Brother" will instinctively move to do something about that.

I'm supposed to be writing a personality profile on a constructively active prisoner, but I would rather avoid the trite limitations of how much time he brought with him, how many times he's been in the hole; or how many years he has spent in prison... To be truthful, this one grew up in prison -- he is what you might call "State raised". He is what I call a "down Brother".



"...if by maturing you mean that I've outgrown the need to relate to this environment and the myth which states that the system is designed to help me, then yes I have matured in prison."

Sinuhe's State name is Alonzo Britton. And probably the only time he relates to it is when he thinks back to his childhood days in the field when, at the time, he was probably tripping on the fact that other Brothers were out learning how to dance, and he was picking cotton. While young Brothers his age were "mackin'" (rapping to) at the Sisters, Sinuhe was fighting grown men to keep them from ripping off his manhood. He was growing up the hard way.

In spite of all this, Sinuhe still had confidence in the equality of men -- that is until, at the age of 16, he went into a branch of America's racist institutions that pulled no punches and spoke very candidly about its attitudes toward certain (and particularly Black) U.S. Army soldiers. A psychologist might contend that potentially 'hostile' behavior was being molded in the sub-conscious reservoirs of the 'subjects' character; but in actuality, America was giving birth to a revolutionary Brother whose stomach had turned from the souring lies of "Freedom, Justice, and Equality."

People never hear (or even inquire) about what a revolutionary Brother does when he is not out "off the pigging" or screaming on the system (as a gullible public is led to believe). And though I have no first hand information on other Brothers, I do know that Sinuhe can be found, at any time of the day, teaching someone to read, write or 'rith-

metic. At night he'll be teaching Black history, or (peeping under the rug in a *Western Civilization* college text) studying college courses.

Whether he is studying Psychology or Western Civilization, Sinuhe excels; but he is not to be confused with the intellectual recluse who learns in hiding. He is recognized throughout the joint as a leader and a scholar; and has many times been responsible for snuffing out the fuses of potential chaos. Because Sinuhe realizes, too, that the administration will make no attempt to protect the inmates from the impending reality of confrontation with each other; and that after we have done their work for them (by killing each other), then the custodians will come in -- but only to scrape the bodies from the pavement.

When I say that Sinuhe is a "down Brother", it would seem that I have said enough, but there are people who haven't the bleakest notion of what the significance of that title is; and I have to engage myself in verbal gymnastics and phraesology to portray a Brother whose true worth and value can only be determined through personal affiliation.

However, a few of the facts which the reader can relate to are that Sinuhe was one of the founders and the third president of the *Black Cultural Development Society* which is a prison organization designed to promote a sense of unity, awareness, and a recognition of the need to relate to one's Brothers in these penitentiaries. He was the organization's first historian, and presently continues to teach history and anything else he might be able to pass on. An outstanding and respected boxer himself, he has taught many boxing aspirants how to survive in the ring. As the C.S.P. defensive football coach he was as serious about his teammates as he is with the Brother I saw him chasing up to the school so he could help him finish his high school education. Sinuhe does this because he is aware of the power of knowledge -- of having a functional education -- and attributes the wasted years he spent in prison to a lack of knowledge and self-awareness. The fact that he, himself, dropped out of school in the seventh grade didn't stop him from obtaining a 15.2 grade placement, all of which was accumulated under the strain of prison environments.

When I look back over the -- essay (?) shall I say?, I think I haven't really been fair to the reader because I still don't think they can actually relate to the significance of knowing a Brother like Sinuhe. But in time Amerika will know Sinuhe; and then it won't be important that he spent half his life in its prisons, but that he was able to survive them and become a "down Brother" in spite of it all.

"One thing that prison has done, it has given me a cold-blooded philosophy"



"We are the last of the truly oppressed people; and the system knows that by forcing us to individualize our own little things we won't be able to feel anything for each other. Because if we start to truly feel for each other we might stop coming back to prison; and if we stop coming back to prison there won't be any need for prisons... a lot of people feel threatened by this."

In 1965, at the age of 21, Alfredo (Freddy) Archer brought 20 years with him to Canon City. After doing three years, in which he obtained a High School diploma and a certificate of proficiency in *SMALL APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC THEORY*, he left on parole. As a parolee in 1968, he discovered that Society was not so willing to accept him, and he found himself laboring at menial tasks that proved unchallenging and non-productive. Soon the dirty dishes and the mops were abandoned, and Freddy returned to what he did best.

After about seven sud-busting, mop-slinging months of stagnation, Freddy went back to burglary -- the last of which netted him several thousand dollars in jewelry and a 30-year sentence in Canon.

This time Freddy checked himself out and decided to get his head together and actuate his potentials. He enrolled in the college extension classes from both Adam State and Southern Colorado State College. At the prison's one-room campus he studied *Western Civilization*, *Criminology*, *Mass Communications*, *Mental Hygiene-Psychology*, *Math Analysis*, *News Writing*, *Publicity*, *T.V. Commercial Writing*, *Economics*, *Philosophy*, and *Business Speech*.

It's not surprising that Freddy excelled in college and ripped off A's and B's, for along with his outspoken ability to communicate his ideas goes a high intelligence quotient and a determination to excel in spite of the awkwardness of his study environment.

While all this was going down, Freddy became actively involved with the LADS (Latin American Development Society), a self help group for Chicano inmates, and became its Vice President and President, respectively.

One can't say how fast Freddy's time went, but it's for sure that with all the seminars, conferences, projects and numerous other activities, his idle time was reduced to nothing. One of the conferences he was involved in was with the Colorado Corrections, Probation and Parole Association, which directed its attention to the problems concerning crime, Society and recidivism. The seminars varied in both subject and personnel, involving such issues as higher Education, Crime, Drugs, Juvenile Delinquency; and the Legal System; while raps with students, lawyers, politicians and other prominent professional people provided a viable exchange of information and ideas.

With all this rapping and relating, it's no wonder that Freddy got off into the Dale Carnegie thing, where he received certificates for *Effective Speaking and Human Relations*. He also received awards as *Impromptu Speech Champion* and *"Most consistent Speaker."* In *Communications Unlimited* -- another speaking course -- he was first runner-up in the "Audience Appeal" category.

Freddy used his "Audience Appeal" and "Human Relations" in a series of T.V. commercials and youth projects (like CAYP -- Committe to Assist Young People, and AYUDA--Assist Youth Understand Drug Abuse) to such an effective degree that he was constantly being called upon to speak, to help construct project guidelines, make proposals for programs, or to just lend a hand wherever something to do with helping Colorado youth was happening.

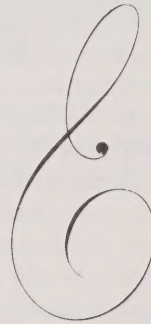
There was no end to Freddy's compassionate aggressiveness; for inside the joint there were things to be taken care of for his fellow inmates, which, at one point, resulted in a lawsuit being filed against the Warden. And though the suit was turned down by the courts, Freddy was insistent on appealing to the Federal courts for some kind of judicial committment in correcting the existing civil and constitutional rights violation so often prevalent in the institution. But the courts would neither commit themselves nor would they protect Freddy from the administrative harrassment which resulted from the stiff resistance to his political stand concerning prison practices, the Chicano, and the convict in general. And after concentrated efforts they eventually succeeded in snatching up Freddy's "good time" and throwing him off into "Fernando's" on several occassions.

When Lafayette Locke brought the people the idea of an Inmate's Council, Freddy immediately responded with serious enthusiasm. And after all the reactionary smoke had

died, Freddy was later to be seen going through changes as a member of the prison's first Inmate's Council. His effectiveness as a leader and a people's man joined the efforts of other council members in the struggle to negotiate a reasonable easing of the conditions which foster the tensions and hostilities that evolve into immense proportions under the pressures of senseless harrassment and Medieval prison Philosophy.

There is no contradiction between helping others and helping one's self, for after four years of helping other people, Freddy has finally reaped the benefits of his struggles. He recently got a 'time-cut', in which the state will receive a refund on those thirty years he initially brought with him. Soon he will be back in Society as a valuable asset; and I seriously doubt that he will be crawling through strange windows; I hear that Freddy has some very mellow people in his corner now. We were always in his corner.

Power to your future Bruh.



"When aroused, the consciousness of captive men cannot be subdued by concrete walls and iron bars; nor can their souls be intimidated by the terms of their existence."

Bro. Bass

This page is dedicated to our former editor, Lafayette Locke, who left to continue the struggle on another front. While he was here he touched many lives and imparted valuable information in an earnest attempt to arouse an awareness in prisoners to their conditions, and to educate us to the need for recognizing what it is we have to do in relation to those conditions. Below are several quotes from one of Brother Locke's messages--just as valid and just as appropriate as ever, until such time as prison conditions no longer make them necessary. Editor

Passages from The Prophet

"...if the prison system is to be effectively reformed and made responsive to the interests of society, it is of crucial importance that concerned persons recognize that such patch-work methods as, for example, separation of prisoners according to age, background, etc., are merely reflections of old erroneous assumptions which sadly miss the point. The point is that the dehumanizing process issues inevitably out of the dynamics of a system based on the concept of punishment for its own sake."

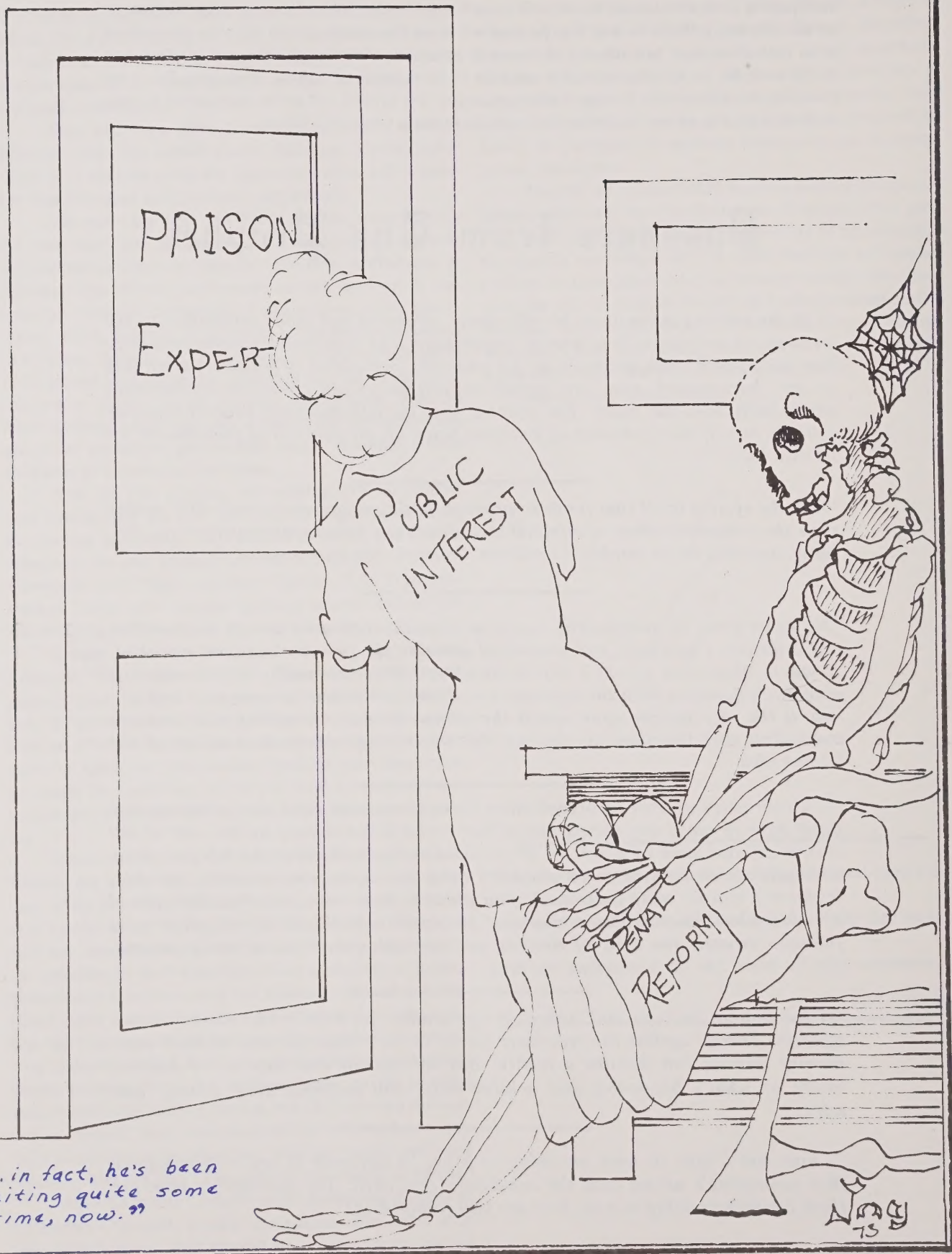
"It is the system itself that tends to promote and to perpetuate criminality, rather than the communication of criminal techniques and values among prisoners... because, impelled by an outdated tradition, it attacks the humanity of the prisoner."

"No other form of punishment can be as fundamentally anti-human as the enforced, arbitrary, systematic, and prolonged denial of the prisoner's natural sexuality. A whole dimension of one's self-identity consists in the quality and meaning of sexual relationships with the opposite sex. This relationship between man and woman is the very merger upon which the human life-force itself depends, and any institution that functions to destroy this relationship denies the validity of the human idea."

"...within every system or organization there are certain roles that certain individuals have to play; and the nature of these roles is determined by the aims of the system...if the aims of a system are to hold and punish, then the roles of those who administer the system are the roles of detainers and executioners. As a rule, it doesn't matter what individuals you place in these roles, or what their moral or educational qualifications may be. In order to fulfill their roles they must function toward the aims of holding and punishing; everything else is secondary."

"After George Jackson and Attica, the possibility for convicts to work for constructive change against the repressive forces in their situation and in their community outside can become a reality. But we can do this only as we become aware of what's happening and achieve unity and understanding among ourselves."

"...you don't have to have anything to prove to anybody in order to recognize that something's wrong with the conditions that exist. The question is what are these conditions doing to you; how are you responding?"



"...in fact, he's been waiting quite some time, now."

Aug 75

MODERN PENOLOGY

public service or public menace?

by Frank Driscoll

"Americans, as a race of people, have an inordinate degree of faith in expertise. The national mood seems to be that if a problem exists it is only necessary to find an expert, hire him to solve the problem, and it will go away."

At first glance it is puzzling -- no, paradoxical -- that a system dedicated to the correction of aberrant behavior can have so many resources, spend so much money, employ so many people and correct so little. This paradox is implicit in the oft-heard observation that within the framework of the correctional system nobody wins, everybody loses and we must, therefore, have reform.

"Cue Ee Dee," one imagines them saying, perhaps a trifle smugly. Characteristically, they then go on to suggest a new program or non-program which would, they feel, treat the problems of crime and punishment more logically. As if the fabric of this monster is to be rent by logic.

If the correctional system is a complete failure (and it is becoming increasingly difficult to find anyone ninny enough to deny this), then the concerned citizen who is troubled by the paradox of modern penology might do well to cast an inquiring glance at

those who support the status quo. It doesn't require a genius - or even a very observant person -- to realize that neither the correctees nor the society which has undertaken to correct them is profiting from present programs. With something like 80% of all felonies being committed by former prisoners (who have, it is not unreasonable to assume, reaped the benefits of the correctional system) and with a clear and sinister trend toward more serious crimes among recidivists being apparent to the most casual observer, it requires a very special sort of person to support the status quo. And, of course, there are a goodly number of people who not only support the status quo but have made it their life's work.

In terms of basic goals and programs, prisons have not changed appreciably in the past one hundred years. In 1873, the emphasis was on retribution, deprivation and depersonalization. It didn't work then; it doesn't work now. Probably the only major dif-

ference between then and now is that the penologists of 1873 could more believably plead ignorance of the effects of their actions. No such excuse exists today.

Looking at the prison situation across the United States it is hard to conceive of any random sequence of events which would have brought us to the present impasse. Reason dictates that we arrived at this point through the conscious, deliberate actions of professional penologists. After all, if little old ladies in Dubuque, ice-cream vendors in Poughkeepsie, and interior decorators in Monrovia can sense that there is something intrinsically evil about the system -- if every freshman sociology student knows that the prisons are creating more criminals than they are "curing," -- then what staggering degree of naivete is required for the public to believe that the professionals in the field do not know what they are doing? And if they know what they are doing, then why don't

INMATE

COORDINATING

COUNCIL

M.D. Bass



Left to right: Council members David VanGorder, Nick Cowman, Jerry Gimm, Chris Silva, and Trino Sisneros.

To some people an Inmate's council wouldn't register as the most important topic for discussion. And, granted, I wouldn't expect it to -- unless you live in a box with cold running water, and your toilet is conveniently lodged just three feet from the head of your bed. If you've suddenly realized that you've blown a full day's pay on a Pepsi, or you can't go to school because license plates have to be made, then I hardly anticipate public enthusiasm.

But to the prisoners at C.S.P. the words 'Inmate's Council' are now a part of their vocabulary, and when they relate to them they are often reminded of the time when an inmate cry was muffled in the roar of rigid institutional tradition and practice; when the only time anyone would notice their pain was when the smoke from angry fires rose above the walls and alerted

some inquisitive stranger who, in passing, logically concluded that something was definitely amiss. The message was circulated, and it somehow turns out that the steaks in the chow hall were too small. As ridiculous as this may sound, it may as well have been the case, for the point was missed entirely; and the 'bad guys' licked their wounds in the solitude of their "Crazy Cool Compartments" (cells). Actually, the inmates were trying to say something, they were -- in their own inarticulate manner -- trying to speak. Futility.

Now C.S.P. inmates are speaking, and ears are opening; eyes are opening, and reason waves good-bye to tradition. Inmates are speaking through a voice that they created to represent them by not only pointing to where it hurts, but running down the causes and showing the effects.

The idea for an inmate's council had been kicked around, set on, and frozen for some time, and even after it had bobbed to the surface again in the latter part of '72, it took some time before the idea became seriously catching (Change frightens people here, too). But inmates at C.S.P. began to recognize their conditions; and the terms under which they had to eke out some semblance of existence. They had come to realize the need for some type of communication vehicle between inmates and the administration.

After combating a host of subtle complications and obstacles, the inmates disproved their alleged apathy towards a council by turning out on an early Saturday morning in December 1972 to vote--just on the idea (EVERYBODY sleeps on Saturday mornings). In spite of it all, and after much coaxing on the part of enthusiastic inmates, half-sleep and half-dressed convicts stumbled to the ballot box to cast their support for a council. The results: an overwhelming majority in favor of a council, while a fractional percentage preferred to remain in the dark ages counting their blessings. The only task remaining was to select the council members.



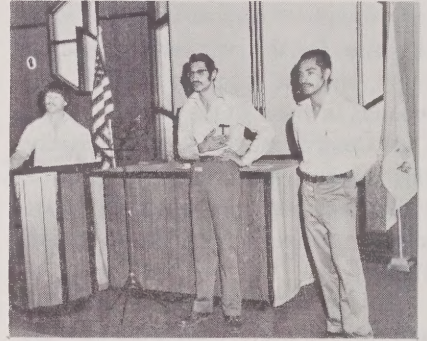
Left to right: Candidates Harry Hotopp, Millus Bass, Dennis Pack, James Pebbles, David Lopez, and Jim McVickers.

We elected men whose concern and interest reflected the prison collective. (The first election was held December 7, 1972). And not a moment too soon; at the same time we were battling with tradition for the right to grow mustaches which, again, was taken to be the 'point'. The point is that we have mustaches, telephones, radios, color T.V. (The proverbial turnip's blood/ The 'Light at the end of the tunnel' -- choose); remembering, however, that the best way to relieve cell-house tension is to discard cellhouses. One might consider them concessions pacifiers, etc., but if concessions somehow manage to ease the pain until you can get proper medical attention, then by all means ease the pain. The only danger exists in allowing one's attention to be completely diverted from the open sore.

As of the March 10, 1973 election, council members include Ray Mascarenas, Jerry Gimm, Millus Bass, David VanGorder, Nick Cowman, James Pebbles, Chris Silva, and Jim Manier.

The Interpreter salutes the C.S.P. Coordinating Council and reminds us all that "Change is a struggle...quit and you lose."

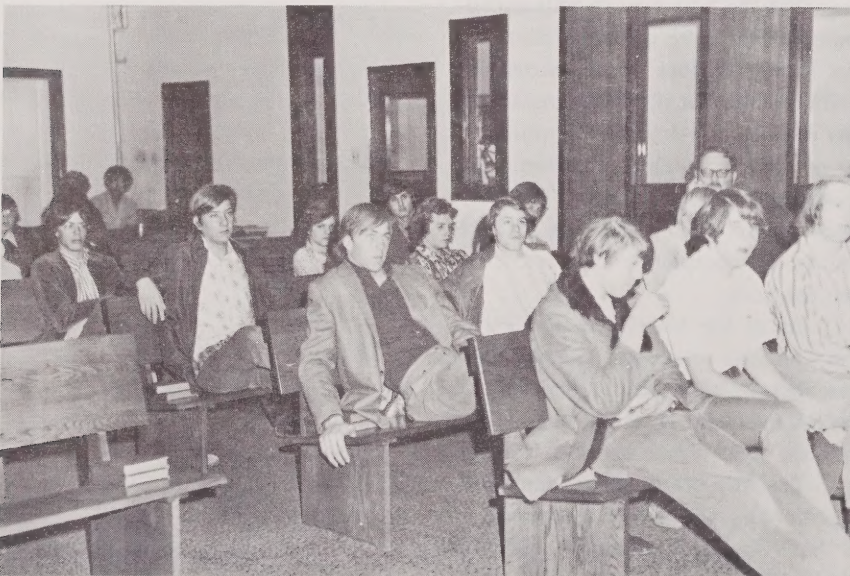
CRIME PREVENTION TEEN PROGRAM



"We are not here to seek your sympathy
...or brag about our criminal exploits..."

If you can encourage the curious and uninformed to come to the joint; to see and hear for themselves, the end result may be that at least a part of society -- the most important part -- has gained some kind of insight as to what prison inmates and their lives are like. It is also possible for one to learn some of the underlying causes of crime while convicts themselves set up detour signs for anyone who might follow their paths.

Such is the purpose of C.S.P.'s Crime Prevention Teen Program, the Maximum Security phase of an organization whose initial design was to hopefully discourage young people on the outside from entering upon a life of crime; from falling into the 'trap' that is set up for wayward youth.





"We have not come to lecture you or give you advice."

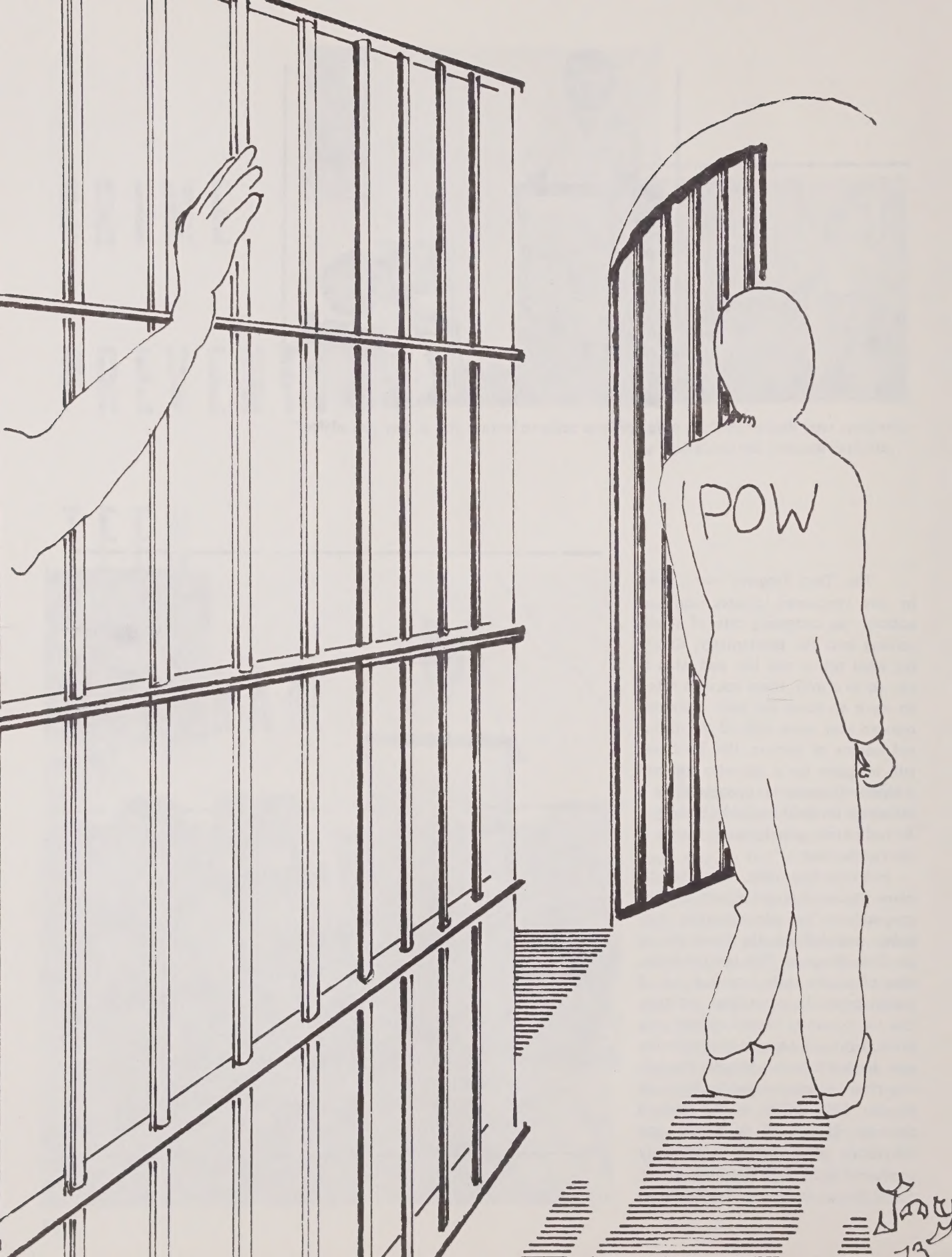
The 'Teen Program' was started by two concerned inmates who had noticed the increasing rate of youth coming into the penitentiary. Knowing what prison was like and what it can do to a man, these convicts hated to see it go down like that. They recognized that, even with all the distorted images of prisons, the joint was still no place for a kid who still had a chance to make it in society; for a kid whose whole life could be destroyed or turned completely around after a stint in the 'slam'.

So, in May 1966, these two inmates got together and submitted their proposal to the administration outlining and defining the functions of the Teen Program. This was the beginning of another effort on the part of prisoners to do something constructive for humanity in spite of their own life's conditions. Later the organization was divided into two phases: the outside phase, now sponsored by Associate Warden J.W. Griffin at the Medium Security division of the prison; and the inside phase, which is presently sponsored by Mr. L.E. Matthews, Director of Special Services at the Maximum



"We are setting ourselves up as bad examples in hopes to reach someone in the audience and deter them from this type of life style."

Continued on page 25



Judy
13

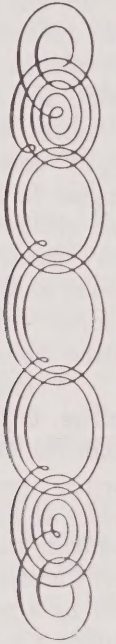
On Common Ground

*I know we've shared a common love;
Our shackled limbs bear common-scar.
We've both dared (I think) to look above
To find out who we are...*

*We've share a thousand sleepless night;
You've known our pain, and we know yours.
Different struggles; different fights--
Same indifferent prison doors.*

*I somehow feel we've shared a common fear;
I suspect we've shared a mutual dream,
And while I know you're glad you're here,
I hope we'll share a common theme...*

Brother Bass



CONcepts

While a public poll would reveal that law enforcement holds the strongest opinion in favor of capital punishment, and society's penologists, psychiatrists, social scientists; as well as higher government officials tend to oppose it, a portion of an advanced and civilized society now appears to have tucked a copy of the Old Testament under its arm and has launched another crusade for reinstating justifiable homicide.

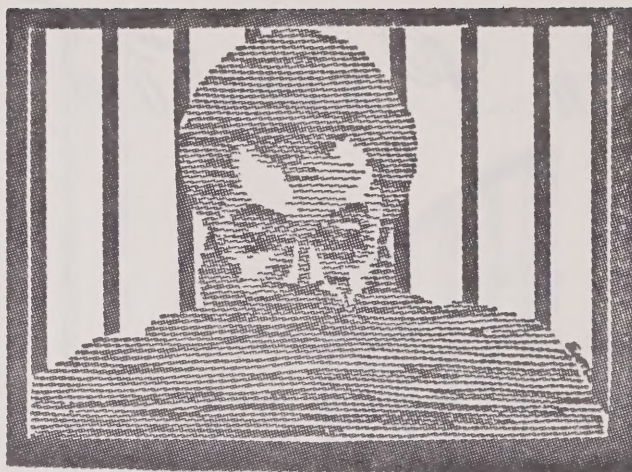
Colorado's Senate Judiciary Committee, in response to the recent U.S. Supreme Court's decision, is (at this writing) preparing to vote on a bill which would provide a mandatory death sentence for persons convicted of killing a hostage, "contract" killings, murder by a person committing a felony, killing a policeman or fireman in the line of duty; murder by a person serving a life imprisonment; and for murder committed "after deliberation." It is doubtful as to the possibility of the committee totally rejecting the death penalty since about 84% of the committee is prepared to vote in favor of capital punishment in some area or another.

This writer recognizes the fact that without the power to enforce his opinion, a prisoner is fair game for those who have the power to enforce and execute the dictates of their opinion; but perhaps a forum can be provided wherein the prisoner can, at least, voice his opinion.

This is what some prisoners are saying about the recent demand for reinstating the death penalty -- under any circumstances: Editor

"...Nothing is so precious in our country as the life of a human being, whether he is a criminal or not..."

J. Edgar Hoover



John Young: "To me it's a political move. Without the death penalty in the system, there's something taken away when it's not there. You see, this is a lot of prestige for a district attorney, or a lawyer. It's a big thing, you know, where they can give a guy the death sentence, and probably never execute him. But they can keep the case going on and on for so many years. So as far as them bringing back the death penalty it's nothing. It aint going to solve anything; it might help certain political figures, but as far as stopping people from murdering each other, that would never work.

In a situation like this, you have certain people in society, man, who are fanatics behind stuff like that. Like, when I was on death row I had this little television interview, and I got letters from people who had a kind of insanity about this death penalty thing. And what I got from the letters was that they enjoyed the fact that I was going to be executed. Like, one said that I should be proud to go on up and let them execute me. And I was tripping on the kind of people these were. These people were mad! Then there was this college student whose letter reflected some insanity the way he was talkin' about death and how beautiful it must be...that he wanted to change places with me; that I should have no regrets; that I should be anxious to face death and all of that. These are the sick ones, man, you know what I mean? I started wondering what I was doing

here and he's out there. These were the kind of people who were wealthy; they came from pretty good backgrounds, and supposed to be educated. These are the type of people who are writing governors, state senators, and district attorneys; and they are contributing to his cause. This is why they want to keep the death penalty in -- not because it's a deterrent to murder, but because it serves political purposes. But if they bring it back, it aint going to solve nothin'.

They're trying to put protection on themselves and the people who are applying for policeman and fireman jobs. Like, they figure that if they have some kind of protection like that, a guy won't hesitate to apply for the job. And they figure that if a guy happens to get knocked off doing that kind of job, then at least his death will be avenged."



Scandolious: If they do reinstate the death penalty, you dig, they would be counteracting their own moves. Like, they abolished the death penalty because they thought it was inhumane and against the laws of God, you know, to take another man's life in revenge. They never should have abolished it if they're going to make exceptions."



Earl: "We talk about the fact that we have a progressively civilized society. The Federal courts say that society shall advance along the lines of law and everything else. We go as far as to execute people. It used to be -- in the Old English days -- that they tried animals and execute them. Then we got a little more humane, we took human beings and we used to boil them in oil; we used to draw and quarter them. We claim we're getting civilized and we started to be more merciful; we just started hanging them. Then we got cyanide gas. In other words, we've advanced technologically. For example, the bow and arrow used to be the ultimate weapon. Now we have the cobalt bomb--that's civilized; that can destroy the whole world.

The fact is, if society does not wish direct revenge, and professes to endorse rehabilitation, then why the death sentence? My guess is, if you want more judges; if you want more equipment for law enforcement; more Federalized-Breaking-In, all you have to do is scare the public, 85% of which don't want penal reform. So what does the death penalty tell us? That America has managed to justify murder."

Eddie: "I think it's a waste of time, man; besides it serves no purpose to kill another man for taking another man's life. What have you done, you know? You haven't brought the other man back; you haven't rehabilitated anybody; you haven't saved society anything except a little bit of money because you don't have to house this man any more.

If we want to go backwards and start saying "an eye for an eye", then why don't we do that instead of faking with the court and justice thing.

As far as them trying to put protection on guys who take those kind of jobs, what more security could they have than the fact that they are the biggest gang in the world? They got all the guns; all the political backing; what more could they want?"

Alonzo: "Without the death penalty, the concept of punishment is somehow ineffective -- incomplete. I see the death penalty as people's attempt to maintain their unfounded right to go on misusing other people's humanity. It enables them to say "If you don't accept this, I'll kill you."

In order to understand the demand for reinstating the death penalty, one must understand the philosophy out of which the penal system operates. You have to go back a bit and understand that the people who institute prisons believe that criminal behavior is merely a reflection of man's sinful nature. And if this is so, the only thing that happens is you destroy a person's will to do evil, or kill him. Now, something that really bugs me is that I see the death penalty as a response to society's having recognized the fact that its laws and where it's coming from is contrary to life itself.

They know that we have recognized the fact that it is humanly impossible to punish a person to a point whereby he rectifies some kind of criminal behavior -- which isn't really criminal behavior, it's just behavior that's designed to help a person survive in a system that has shut off all legal avenues. So, the only way you can make this kind of person accept this inhumanity is to say, "Well, either you accept this, or I'll take it all." And out of the desire to stay alive and hopes that something better will come about, he accepts it. Because his very existence has been threatened if he doesn't. So, a policeman can walk up to you on the street and misuse you; you have to accept that. Because if you retaliate; if you punish him for punishing you, where can that end? In death. That's the ultimate end of punishment."

Shifflette: "The death penalty and Colorado State Penitentiary are socially and economically successful according to the administration of those people dealing in penology because they deal in strictly negative reinforcement."

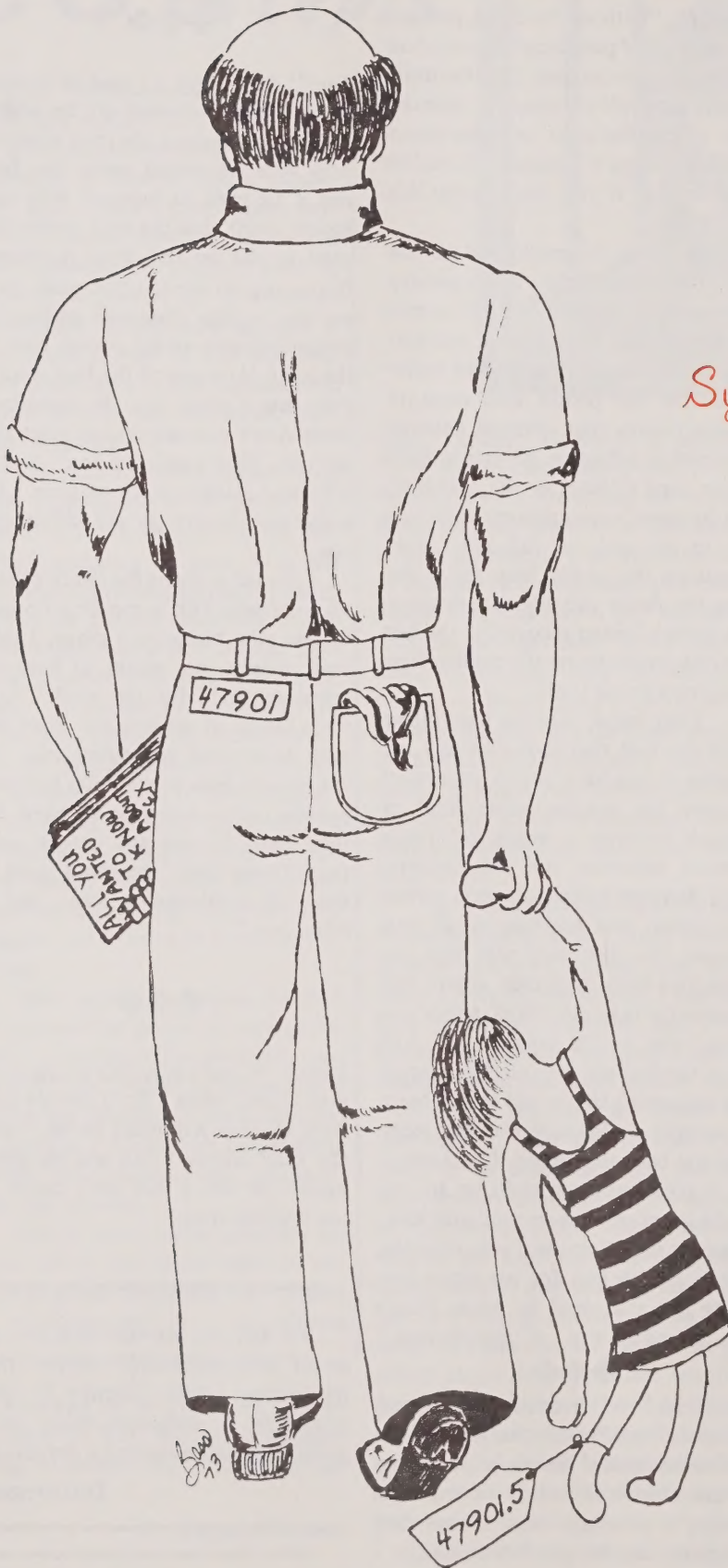
Joe: "Like, I think it's kind of senseless for us to get knocked off for wastin' another con here in the joint when the only way we would waste any body was if he tried to hurt us. Why does society think that the only people that need to die are convicted murderers. If you trip on the statistics, man, you'll see that a 'lifer' (inmates serving life sentences) very rarely comes back to the joint. He is one of the best security risks that a prison has; the majority of them don't commit crimes after they get out. They (society) don't look at it from a realistic point of view. Like, a con just doesn't up and kill another con.

As far as giving the death penalty to a cat who kills a cop or a fireman, or one who highjacks a plane, I think that society just wants to have this vengeance thing for the public. Like, it's a bunch of animals out there who only understand vengeance, man, and it's already been proven that the death penalty isn't a deterrent to crime. But they have to give the people something to say that "somebody paid for this. "He highjacked a plane, and we killed 'em."

Tony: "I don't even like to trip on it, man. Like, when I do, I always think back to what happened to me -- when the only choice I had was to defend myself or die. I just can't dig it; it's not mellow at all."

"... To kill for murder is a punishment incomparably worse than the crime itself. Murder by legal sentence is immeasurably more terrible than murder by brigands."

Dostoevsky



Synthetic Security

by Frank Driscoll

She sat in shadows at the end of the bar, faintly visible to passers-by. Lemming-like, I entered, slapping the dust from my Levis and smoothing my hair.

Haughty she was and wonderfully serene. Unapproachable under normal circumstances, but hippies were in that year and some truly amazing scores were being made. In 1967, man, if you couldn't get laid in San Francisco there just wasn't any hope for you.

I had enough money for three beers -- or one beer for me and a cock-

tail for the Duchess, as I had already nick-named her in my mind. (She had to be a socialite out slumming with that Bryn Mawr half-smile and cool poise.) I had visions of being treated to an oyster dinner at the Top o' the Mark, after which we would retire to her apartment on Nob Hill and bridge the culture gap. I would flip the bird to the sneering doorman, telling him to eat his heart out, or something witty like that.

It was going to be very, very good. I ordered a beer and sat at the opposite end of the bar, catching her profile in the mirror. Exquisite. Flawless.

Slowly, veeeerrrry casually I glanced down in her direction, intending to let my gaze rest on her for the merest instant. She didn't even flinch.

I KNEW she knew I was looking at her. If she didn't mind, I certainly didn't mind: the casual glance became an appraising stare. Still no reaction.

Far goddamned out. This was going to be easier than I had thought.

The bartender sidled up to me. "She's a dummy," he said. "Huh?" "A dummy." "Wow, man. Don't you know hippies don't care about things like that?" What a bummer. "I don't care if she's blind, paraplegic and a member of the John Birch Society. Ask the lady if she'll have a drink."

"I mean she's a *dummy*. A mannikin, schumk. She's not alive," he summed up, driving the point home once and for all.

I finished my beer rather quickly and escaped into the warm San Francisco evening, my ardor dampened but not soggy. After all, the Summer of Love was in full swing and Golden Gate Park was not but a short bus ride away. *C'est la vie*.

I eventually got over my embarrassment but I never forgot that mannikin. It is true that I haven't thought very much about her lately because I've had other things on my mind. But Ships that pass in the night and evanescent spectres glimpsed in lysergic light are not forgotten, only disremembered. They lie in wait, just the other side of

consciousness, awaiting only a magic molecule, a snatch of music or a poetic allusion to evoke them, poignant and fresh as if the intervening time had not elapsed or even existed.

Such was my reaction when, I thumbing lustfully through a pornographic magazine (one Man's smut is another man's poetry, you know), came across an advertisement for a full-size rubber doll. In case you're not familiar with the things, they are simply inflatable rubber balloons which, when blown up, are the size of a full-grown woman, amply endowed. The thing is, they are *complete in every detail*. Or so the advertisement read.

One of my friends (who shall remain nameless) told me that even the economy models are anatomically correct but that the more expensive jobs come equipped with vibrators and separate compartments for warm water and that they are working on them all the time and isn't science wonderful? Uh-huh. It certainly is.

I've had a look at the new Inmate Rule Book and it's not against the rules so I'm going to do it. I'm going to order one of these dolls.

Of course, I expect a certain amount of resistance from the administration but I don't think they've got a leg to stand on. I'll just get a permit and call her my hobby. She'll keep me out of mischief.

From the legal point of view, since the new Colorado Criminal Code sanctions all sexual congress between consenting adults they cannot possibly object to a little harmless fondling of an unprotesting inanimate object. Can they?

The argument upon which this idea will stand or fall is the proposition that rather than creating a security problem (you know, dummy in the bed covered by blankets. See Bogart, Cagney et al., *Movie Star Magazine*, August, 1947) it will actually solve one. This, added to all the other farsighted splendidous, progressive steps being taken by the prison administrators of Colorado will entice people to stay

that might otherwise have attempted to escape.

And they could always put the dummies on the count. After a man bought one, there would be a trial marriage period of, say six months, during which he would have to leave his dummy in a secure area during daylight hours. The cage areas in which the officers now work would be ideal for this purpose. At night he could check out his dummy, filling her up with whatever he chose to fill her up with. One of the new electrical food carts could be allocated to each cellhouse and could carry an adequate supply of warm liver, K-Y Jelly and prophylactics for the fastidious.

Following the trial period, if the couple was compatible there could be a simple ceremony attended by a few close friends. The dummy would then be permanently issued to the convict and given a number. Mine, for instance, could be designated Driscoll, Frances, forty-one three-forty-six point five.

If a guy decided he was tired of his spouse there could be facilities for divorce. The unwanted cuddly toys could be auctioned off to the highest bidder with the proceeds being donated to the National Mental Health Institute. Following society's lead, we could have regular orgies and weekly or monthly wife-swapping parties.

And for those who really got into this psychosis in a big way, the dummies could be taken away every nine months or so, and after a week or ten days, the convict would be given back two mannikins -- the original and a small, helpless one which would excrete mustard and a dilute solution of urea and ammonia at irregular intervals. Cigars would be optional. Planned parenthood and zero population growth. What could be more ecologically sound?

Now you tell me. Would it be any sillier or sicker than what we have now?

There must be a constitutional question here somewhere. A.C.L.U., please take note. I'm ready to become a test case. ■



July
75

THE THE LOGISTICS OF A RECIDIVIST . . . OR

Why Johnny comes marching home again, and again, and again . . .

by Lonnie Seymour

Johnny has returned for another hitch, a reinlistment so to speak, and the questions echoed by his comrades 'outofarms' -- "Watch doin back?" -- are answered in the same mechanical way: "dit-dot...dit-dit-dot!" Which, in reality, signifies 'HELP', but is interpreted, in the peculiarity of this 'Foreign Lesion', as a 'Hail Fellow Well Met'.

Johnny could well be considered as a career man in some circles; in his own (circle that is) he is a mere treader. Having followed the beaten path quite frequently his feet have grown weary of his mind; and the Merry-Go-Round becomes a see-saw of sadness. Johnny's mood, from despair in relation to family, friends, and failure, quickly changes. Likewise, the reality of conditions are surrendered to the false-facade of a 'Hell is better than no place to be'.

Having been ejected from the 'Assembly line of Success' so often, and having found -- in the face of his forlorn-companions or the jaundiced-eye of his spiritual-groping -- something akin to understanding, Johnny's resignation comes as small surprise.

Johnny's knowledge of warfare is limited, to say the least, and the absense of a 'drill sergeant' on the battlefield of mind is bowel.... or rather foul trouble and, consequently, cause for constipa-----unh! consternation; either of which can bind the thought of

most G.I.s (Good Intenders). Actually, Johnny's greatest battle is Underground; his fights Aboveground are merely incidental skirmishes with Captain America who, omnipotent foe that he is, sends him scurrying back to the 'stockade'.

Yet Johnny is a 'Never-say-die Soldier' and this, unfortunately, is his only consistency; everytime he abandons the 'field' he has lost or left a limb which, in effect, handicaps his growth.

Johnny's inability to reconcile 'What inspires' and 'What expires' the trance is, regrettably, quite common. In his unbalanced attempts to adapt to the right, and the subconscious ghost of inclination, he confusedly, conforms to the left. This conformation akin, perhaps, to the suicidal who, growing weary of the 'Grotesque Giant', acts out what the word has failed to communicate!

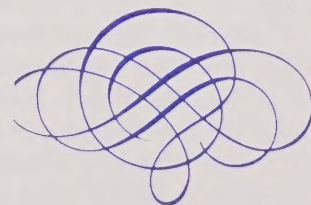
(As a G.I. -- again of Good Intentions -- one must make preparations to alter the 'Lines' of his/story!) Yet, and in the light of his intentions, Johnny is a commendable soldier. He should be awarded or rather granted a Purple Toe, a Blue Frill, or sumpum'. After all, Johnny's up against tremendous odds considering the countless civil/villains whose apathy can bewilder the best of soldiers: infiltrating headquarters..... bombarding thought... undermining the will. The endless invasions destroy his desire to 'become'.

Consequently Johnny returns -- 'marching home again' -- to the limited world where the challenge to achieve is alleviated; where the soldiers of a dubious salvation share with him the mis'ry of their being. Johnny finds, in this skeletal-closet of mankind, a quasi peace shrinking the mystery of existence.

Alas, Johnny's search for a 'Place in the Sun' is salvaged in the shadows of eerie-fingers holding him tenaciously to the Ghost of the Past.

In this atmosphere the 'Brer Rabbit' of the Under-World settles in his bed of thorn and thistle -- a fox in the hole of another's making! Smiling perhaps as he listens to the regimental tune of 'Control Addicts'... the jangle of keys, and the repititous machine-gunning of doors giving birth to a fact: There's a war going on and a battle... yet to be won!

Let us bow our heads in reverence and moan... "When Johnny comes marching home again Hoorah? Hoorah?"



they stop? God knows that under present conditions they can do just as they please.

I'm afraid that those who think that they can persuade the powers that be through logical argument are on the wrong track. Sometimes it is not necessary to devise new systems of thought to account for paradox. Sometimes one need look no further than one's premises.

I submit that the paradox of modern penology -- namely, that the system is dedicated to correcting human behavior, has the wherewithal to do the job and yet, somehow, cannot seem to do the job -- is not a paradox at all.

Penologists do indeed have the knowledge and means necessary to alter behavior. Behavior is, in fact, being altered. And the 70-odd per cent. rate of recidivism offers eloquent testimony to the success of the program. The prison system works very well, thank you, and is doing precisely what it is designed to do. It is only when one labors under the mistaken notion that the word "corrections" which appears so often in the literature is anything more than a euphemism that one encounters irreconcilable facts. But when the "correctional" system is viewed as the vast bureaucracy that it is, sharing the primary mandate of all bureaucracies (to maintain and, if possible, increase its own power and influence), things begin to make a kind of sense.

The statutes of most jurisdictions provide only that persons convicted of a felony shall be delivered to the warden of the penitentiary, there to be kept and confined and provided with such food and shelter as may be necessary, until discharged by due process of law. This is generally taken to mean that prisoners have no rights other than those magnanimously granted by their benevolent keepers.

From the very beginning of corrections in this country professional penologists have, in general, stood foursquare against every piece of legislation every court decision, every philoso-

phical movement which tended to bolster the notion that prisoners do, in fact, have rights. They have lobbied against prison reform in the various legislatures, they have used flagrantly obstructionist tactics to vitiate leading court decisions, they have censored and occasionally killed prisoners with temerity enough to take them to task. It is apparent that they are not satisfied with the absurdly wide discretion they are granted under the law; they want it absolute.

In Colorado, for instance, we have an attorney general who has a standard brief he files in response to prisoner litigation aimed at getting some Federal standards applied to the penitentiary. In essence, he urges the Federal bench to keep hands off state facilities. Which is the logical equivalent of arguing that we have a nice penitentiary here. We may not correct a damned thing but we like it the way it is and, if we start worrying about things like prisoners' constitutional rights, we'll have to change it. Thus far, the Federal courts in this area have systemically denied prisoner petitions, sometimes in the face of clear guidelines set by the higher courts in other parts of the country. Inasmuch as the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals does not rebuke them (never mind the fact that the Tenth Circuit is twenty years behind the times and completely out of step with its brother tribunals), according to the rules, this is perfectly proper judicial conduct.

Is it any wonder that prisoners in Colorado see themselves merely as chips that these power-mad conscienceless bureaucrats use to keep score?

When B.F. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* began to receive the publicity it richly deserves, a great many people apparently thought he had hit on something new. "Far out, man. Human behavior can be modified and conditioned. Hmmmmm. That has cosmic implications."

I can assure you that Skinner's work came as no surprise to either convicts or their keepers, however.

Nobody in their right mind is

ready to accuse psychology of being an exact science. Part of its charm lies in its delicious inexactness, by virtue of which any man's opinion is as good as his neighbor's, provided he knows the jargon and can speak in riddles. But even the genius of Skinner could not have developed in a vacuum. Enough is known and has been known for some time to at least point in the direction of behavior modification. For good or evil.

Now, who ever heard of a modern prison without a psychologist on its staff? Today's warden would be about as likely to forego the advice of his staff psychologist as a primitive village chieftan would be to ignore his shaman. If knowledge of the consequences of the prison experience is available to psychologists and psychologists are available to prison administrators, then what in the world makes people think that the knowledge is not being applied?

Stripped of high-flown terminology, the task of the correctional worker is to alter human behavior in such a way that desirable traits will be reinforced and undesirable traits will be extinguished -- or at least controlled. In short, the correctional worker, faced with an individual who has been displaying what society considers to be deviant behavior, must decide what sort of behavior he wishes that individual to display, then undertake to change that behavior. It isn't too complicated. Almost anyone can do it, as a quick glance at the front gate of any prison at shift change will amply demonstrate. The problem arises when one considers the discrepancy between what society considers to be desirable in a human being and what correctional workers think of as desirable.

Americans, as a race of people, have an inordinate degree of faith in expertise. The national mood seems to be that if a problem exists it is only necessary to find an expert, hire him to solve the problem, and it will go away.

Crime, especially, seems to respond to this sort of treatment. When a

crime is committed and the criminal is identified, a whole army of experts stands ready to make the problems go away. (Of course, there is a sticky philosophical question here: is the problem the crime or the criminal? But since most people do not like to split philosophical hairs, they avoid the question and are content to make the criminal go away.)

According to the experts, in order to deal with this problem they must have broad, sweeping powers. And since Americans want this particular problem to go away very badly indeed, the experts have been granted broad, sweeping powers.

A cop can do just about anything he wants to do; a prosecuting attorney can file any charge in the penal code; a judge can exact as punishment anything from a promise not to do it again to the better part of your life; a warden can make you serve that punishment in any way he sees fit; a governor can rescind all or part of it.

Seems like everyone has wide discretion except the prisoner. His choices are limited to two. He can either continue committing crimes or stop committing crimes. And it is enough, say the system's apologists. Each of us, as a part of the human condition, must constantly choose between good and evil. Those who choose evil must suffer the consequences. Makes sense.

But it is apparent that there is something (disregarding the question of precisely what that something is) about the prison experience that subtly (and not so-subtly) conditions people to gravitate toward criminal behavior, where does that leave the system's apologists?

Obviously, talking through their hats and protecting their interests.

Historically, penitentiaries began in this country as places where miscreants were sent to be penitent. The famous Auburn System, inaugurated in New York State in the 1800's for instance, dictated that a prisoner be kept

in solitary confinement for the duration of his sentence with nothing to keep him company but his Bible. No contact with other prisoners who might corrupt him, no hobbies to distract him from contemplating the error of his ways, no work to tire him so he might sleep soundly. The only problem was that people insisted on losing their minds under these conditions and so it was eventually modified slightly: prisoners were allowed to perform menial tasks but nothing more.

Auburn was a product of its time and the times were such that Americans were willing to foot the bill for what they believed was an answer to the problem of crime. But times have changed. Not in that Americans are no longer willing to pay for an answer to the problem of crime, but in that people are beginning to realize (no matter how dimly) that punishment, while it may have a place in dealing with crime, is not the answer. What is needed, and what is being demanded, is a correctional system, as differentiated from a penal system.

There is a limit to the amount of money the public is willing to squander on jails. And rightfully so. For jails that do not correct are worse than useless to society. From a rational point of view it would be more reasonable to return to universal capital punishment than to merely warehouse people for X number of years, only to have them return to the free-world more dangerous, bitter and criminally sophisticated than they were when they began. And it cannot be repeated too often that this is exactly what is happening.

But if the public wants correctional institutions then, by God, They're going to have them. So, as the professionals go about the business of separating the people from megabuck after megabuck, they must maintain the elaborate deception that they are doing something socially worthwhile. Hence, the euphemisms: "Correctional Unit;" "Treatment Center;" "Correctional Officer;" "Inmate;" "Work Therapy."

George Orwell could have learned from these people.

What could be more gratifying to a warden than to build a new jail (even if he calls it a Diagnostic and Treatment Center), expand his sphere of influence (even if he calls it assuming new responsibilities), lock more people up (even if he calls it coping with the growing problem of crime in America)? Rather than being seen as the indices of failure that they surely are, bigger and better prisons are thought of and sold to the public as progress."

Of course, there is a limit to the gullibility of the populace and had prisons and their advocates not developed sophisticated techniques of deception they would have been out of business long ago. Certainly, had the Auburn philosophy not changed over the years, prison administrators would have run into a stone wall of financial problems ages ago.

But somewhere between Auburn and Attica the professionals discovered they could forestall the inevitable day of reckoning by utilizing convict labor to cut costs.

It is really nothing more than simple arithmetic. The operating costs of a modern prison are devoted mainly to paying salaries. If it was necessary to pay a salary to every person who does essential work it would cost as much to operate a large prison as it does to run a small city.

The management problem of the modern correctional official is to somehow make his prisoner want to run his prison for him. Of course, it isn't too difficult to persuade prisoners to perform manual labor. By threatening a man with violence or punishment you can force him to break rock for you. But the situation becomes more complicated when active cooperation is required. It is one thing to force a man to dig a ditch; it is quite another to persuade that same man that it is in his best interests to keep his records accurately or assist at surgery or do any of the million and one things that are

absolutely essential in the operation of a neo-plantation. What prison administrators want, in essence, are docile, hard-working men and women (and boys and girls if they can get them) who have a mystical and completely unfounded faith in the good intentions of their keepers.

To assist them in achieving these ends they have the latest weapons as well as the latest techniques in psychology and they have been granted the authority to use either as they see fit.

Even so, one should pity the poor administrator; God knows he has his work cut out for him.

Fortunately for the penologists, prisoners have more than the usual complement of weaknesses and vices -- which is why they are prisoners, for the most part. And how better solicit cooperation than to cater to those vices and reward those personality traits that are desirable in the prison milieu?

This is the reason why prisons stamp out individuality, stifle creativity, do everything possible to make life as stress-free and comfortable as practicable. This is why a convict displaying signs of accepting responsibility for his destiny is anathema to a penologist. They want us to be so completely dependent on this cold-rolled womb that we will curl up into fetal balls and beg for readmittance when we encounter the conflict and stress of the outside world.

It is not the purpose of this article to catalogue the various ways in which prison officials are destroying the personalities of their charges. The point is, personality cannot be destroyed -- only altered. And under this system personalities are being altered into mentalities that are inimical to society. The question that should be on every citizen's lips is: what sort of program is being written into convicts when the prison has done its work of altering the personality?

Clearly, obviously, manifestly, and unquestionably a program for failure.

Today it is apparent that the symbiosis is almost complete. Prison

officials are just as dependent on the goodwill of their slaves as the reverse. And the prisons have worked themselves into a hell of a bind. By consistently foregoing long-term benefits for short-term gains they have managed to create conditions against which convicts everywhere are rebelling. One of the reasons the rebellion is taking place is because convicts are awakening to the fact that prison officials have no moral right to step in and manage our lives for personal gain. Surely they have no right to manage our lives on the pretense of treatment and rehabilitation when neither treatment nor rehabilitation is available.

The rebellion takes many forms. Sometimes, as at Attica and the Tombs, it is violent; sometimes, as at San Quentin and Canon City, it takes the form of more or less peaceful work stoppages. Always -- always -- it is but a means to an end. For it seems that once you have experienced this monster and know it for what it is, you know it must be stopped -- and only the question of tactics remains.

It is to be expected that the eventual demise of the prison system as we know it will take place in response to public pressure. It would be foolhardy and ludicrously naive of us to expect meaningful change to come from penologists. One does not realistically expect a man to repudiate his life's work, to publicly acknowledge that his career was foredoomed to failure, to admit that he has been engaged in an evil pursuit.

Similarly, we can expect little, if any, help from politicians. Politicians like their prisons quiet and they like them cheap. Invisible would be ideal, but they'll settle for quiet and cheap. (In this, it seems they are going to be disappointed; the penologists won't stand for cheap prisons and it is becoming more and more apparent that the prisoners won't stand for quiet ones.)

How about the courts? I'm afraid that is wishful thinking too. Judges like to think of themselves as penologists and they are politicians whether they

choose to acknowledge it or not. As if that weren't enough, they are the hidebound, sometimes anachronistic guardians of the status quo. Since it is the status quo which is destroying prisoners and, by extension, its adherents who are our enemies, we look a little silly expecting the chief philosophers of tradition to give aid and comfort. One might as productively urge the Rockefeller family to come out in favor of redistribution of wealth.

All of which is not to say that politicians who advocate penal reform do not deserve support and that penologists who can see beyond their own small sphere of influence do not deserve whatever cooperation we can ethically render and that the continuing, unsung battle in the courts should be abandoned. Far from it. We must all do what we can and fight the monster with whatever tools are available.

But we do need to grow up a bit, accept the responsibility for our destinies, and recognize the ever more obvious fact that the people who have long conspired to victimize their fellow man in the name of justice -- the politicians, the courts, the penologists -- are not going to change for humanitarian reasons or out of the goodness of their hearts. They are committed -- philosophically, emotionally, and, most importantly, financially -- to a course of action which requires that they destroy our lives. It is really that simple and it is high time we realized it and began to act accordingly.

Aside from being presumptuous, an attack on the penal system from the inside must be the most hopeless of human endeavors. After all, they have the guns and the Mace and the National Guard, they have the best legal talent, practically unlimited funds and a studiously cultivated public apathy going for them. What may be even more important in the long run is that some of them actually believe they are doing the right thing.

All we have is the truth. And since it is the only practical weapon we have, it behooves us to keep it well oiled and use it often. ■

Continued from page 13

Security division. The inside phase consists to date of eight members all of whom are graduates of the C.S.P. Dale Carnegie Public Speaking Course. After a minimum of ninety days is spent on the inside phase, a member may be recommended for the outside phase, which travels all over the state speaking to young Coloradans.

On many occasions, various youth organizations, church groups, and High School students have come to the joint and have been accommodated with a tour of the prison, which was concluded by a Teen Presentation. The presentations are generally given by three members of the program. The first speaker will welcome the audience, introduce the other speakers, and give a brief history of the Teen Program, its purpose, and the progress of the program. Each speaker will relate some of his experiences, or a particular incident that he was involved in and how it led him to the penitentiary. Although some of the experiences may seem a bit dramatic, they are at least real; and -- no thanks to T.V., -- the youngsters have a chance to look behind the scenes.

But the effectiveness of the Teen presentation can only be charted in terms of the response from the audience and their reaction to the presentation. So, at the conclusion of the presentation, the audience is encouraged to ask questions about whatever they wish.

The speakers generally have at least one thing in common other than the fact that they are prisoners. Their lives have either lacked direction, or they've suffered from the various problems of early childhood poverty, broken homes or delinquency, which many of the youngsters can relate to.

Even after listening to the backgrounds and experiences of prisoners, it is difficult to judge as to whether or not the teenagers were actually deterred from a life of crime. But the most important thing is that they've at least had the opportunity to see and hear it from the inside, where they are not

intimidated by the pressures of parental discipline. They've at least had a glimpse of what it is like before they get there -- an opportunity quite unafforded those who may spend the rest of their lives regretting the absence of that opportunity in their lives.

Through the Teen Program, those who were curious have seen; the unaware have been hipped, and it is quite evident that the Crime Prevention Teen Program is still making an effort to discourage youngsters -- through human example -- from following their lifestyles, which usually end in frustrated solitude or death.

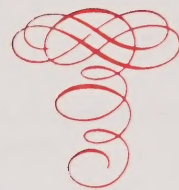
MDB



"Man, it wasn't like this when I was coming up..."



"Rip" Clark (center) takes youngsters on tour.



Poems From The Pit

In Reference to a "Righteous"
Sister
(Lu)

A vision forms--
created out of smiles &
encouragement.

Languid & unsure
she emerges from
a darkened void...

The senses jerk at their reigns,
straining to see, hear, touch
in some capacity.

And telepathic secrets
transcend into an echoing canyon
of wild heartbeats
until...
being cool is absurd!

As a consequence
all composure is destroyed,
and without warning, the
heart erupts in confused
and distorted mumblings...

Her lips make silent words
(or does she hesitate?)
and the senses fuse in chaotic clamor;
anticipating the climax
which yet remains suspended...

nduju

cold water pipes shake/bounce/beat
time for the rats to dance
wailing babies don't know why
there ain't no
food tonight

mama mops her hot suffering forehead with
crying towels supplied by social workers...
she try and try
but can't see
why one son comes home in a box
and the other comes home
in a nod

long hot summer
midnight tango at the A&P
mountains of flame to cook
the President's TV dinner:

Detroit, Los Angeles, Boston...
with New York for dessert

roach runs 'cross laughing baby's stomach
he won't laugh for long--

Steven L. Craig

His feet cried tears of sweat in the moist-warm
darkness of your tax-dollar welfare leather,
as in animal resignation they toiled against
the carefully-measured, eighteen inch,
iron-link-chain strides.

The heavy-rank smell of his unbathed body
crept in whorls-up the sticky shirt back,
past the gate of his "five-court-day", one time
clean shirt,
(--soiled collared neck,)

to burst aggressively
on the quiet afternoon.

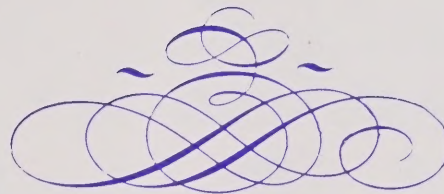
His wrists, chafed by the "union-labeled U.S.A.
Land of the Free-With liberty and
justice for all" cold-nickle-plated manacles
ached in protest and numbness of inactivity.

The brooding bloodshot eyes blinked once,
then hardened in hooded-thought
as the turreted, gray-walls swallowed him.

And I swear....

The bastard laughed!

(?)



Revolution--In Relation to Movement

Beign impossible to hold the moment for measurement
& knowing CHANGE necessitates points of reference
for any calculation...I am stymied!

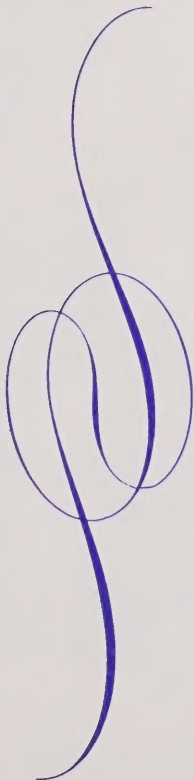
Having cast stones, I vividly recall (and once upon
a Nov. 2), throwing rocks at a man who was the object
of my anger...

he, in turn, used same in the construction of a house
later I was COMPELLED to rent.

This house (to say the least---a veritable Rat-Trap)
was in dire need of renovation/reformation; the roof
leaked; and I could follow the sun in its diurnal-path
thru each of the 3 walls. Deciding, after pleading
with the 'land-prop' to no avail, and with the insistence
of my bowels (having to retard movement for the 'CONoco'
station/3 blocks away) which also were depressed,
(incidentally, the toilet wouldn't flush) I consulted
the BHB also the Health & Welfare Office. They were
prompt in the consideration of my COMPLAINTS, and I might
add...too prompt! That night they boarded up the house/
pad/cell (me inside), & refused to allow entrance or exit,
due, THEY SAID, to the 'infidelity of infectious germs'.
To my regret, the state subsidized remodeling as I had to
endure for a lengthy period--the miasma of my own 'Do-Do'.

Finally the new door was opened to the house/pad/cell &
with the sun greeting me as a stranger (incidentally, it
had started coming up in the north where the 4th wall with
obliging-cracks was absent), I viewed (which is puzzling now)
with delight my new (?) abode. NOTHING WAS CHANGED inside
of course, & the stench is inhaled as that dying part of me.
But Hell! I've learned to jog--with one leg (alternating &
with tight-cheeks to the new CONoco Station--six blocks away!

Seymour/11-71





"...It is as though one, looking out from a dark cave in a side of an impending mountain, sees the world passing and speaks to it; speaks courteously and persuasively, showing them how these entombed souls are hindered in their natural movement, expression, and development; and how their loosening from prison would be a matter not simply of courtesy, sympathy, and help to them, but aid to all the world. One talks on evenly and logically in this way, but notices that the passing throng does not even turn its head, or if it does, glances curiously and walks on. It gradually penetrates the minds of the prisoners that the people passing do not hear; that some thick sheet of invisible but horribly tangible plate glass is between them and the world. They get excited; they talk louder; they get gesticulate. Some of the passing world stop in curiosity; these gesticulations seem so pointless; they laugh and pass on. They either still do not hear at all, or hear but dimly, and even what they hear, they do not understand. Then the people within may become hysterical. They may scream and hurl themselves against the barriers, hardly realizing in their bewilderment that they are screaming in a vacuum unheard and that their antics may actually seem funny to those outside looking in. They may even, here and there, break through in blood and disfigurement, and find themselves faced by a horrified, implacable, and quite overwhelming mob of people frightened for their own very existence."

W.E.B. Dubois

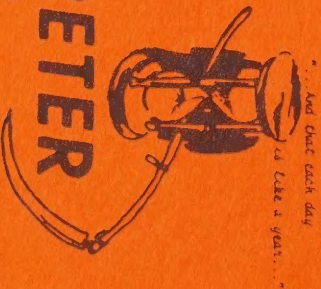
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